

## IT'S A HARD WINTER FOR SNAKE CHARMERS AND TENTED SHOW FREAKS



Thelma, the Reptile Queen, who has made kings and queens take notice when she toured Europe with her

pet "rattlers." The reptiles are now in cold storage in Chicago and Thelma's wondering when "the show business" will pick up again.

### BY HONOR FANNING

Step right this way, folks!

Don't crowd, please! Plenty of room! And plenty of time!

This show is going to stick around awhile—it won't go until the going is better than it is in these lean days of the side show business. It won't move until there's some place to move to.

Admission to this show? What dye mean admission! The great amalgamated-conglomerated street show is not on public exhibition. When the happy family of the world's most remarkable freaks, nature's most fantastic misfits, hold their grotesque parade every afternoon and night on North Clark street you may look upon them free and for nothing. You may look upon them often if you make North Clark street your habitate. You may even sit at the same pie counter with Buster Bingo, the Fat Boy, only one of his kind in existence, ladies and gentlemen; or you may rub elbows in the shopping procession with the Bearded Lady, who's out on a hunt for "some cute little plaything for the granddaughter that's doing a turn on the vawdeville stage."

For this is the playtime of the freaks, the queer folks you paid a dime to see on "circus day" last summer and thought the dime well spent. This is their playtime and the gloomy canyons of Clark, Ohio, or Erie streets, far from sawdust and sunshine and happy circus-loving children is their playground. No official census of the freaks now "laying off" in Chicago has been taken, but the skeleton-giant who has a head for figures declares there are 3,000 of